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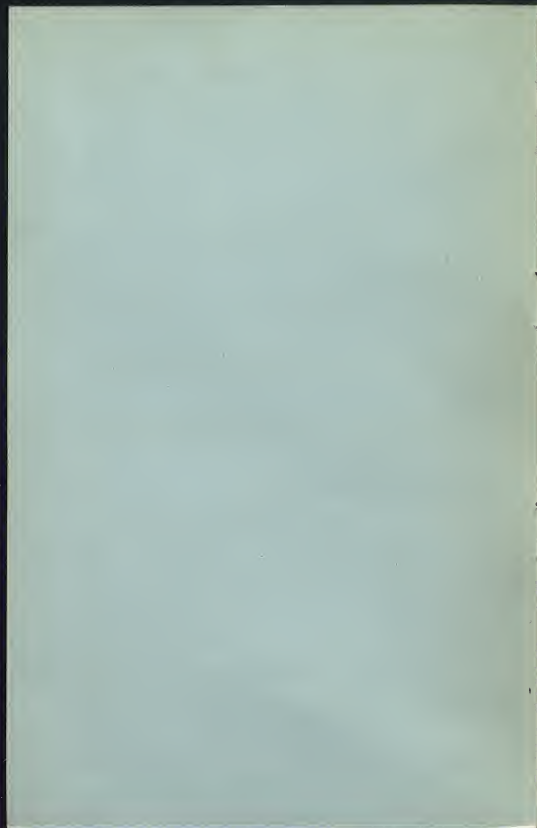
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SECOND WESSEX

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

JANUARY, 1959

Editor : ROLAND ROBERTSON
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EDITORIAL

THERE is a noticeable lack of intellectual discussion in the University.

There are many students who remark upon this deficiency, but few who attempt to rectify the situation. It is ludicrous for such a situation to exist whilst one of the favourite topics of conversation in the Union is "apathy." The only reason I can think of with which to explain the unwillingness of students to improve themselves intellectually is that as soon as anyone opens his mouth to discuss something critically he is accused of indulging in "destructive criticism," which in this University is proclaimed as being seven times worse than each of the seven deadly sins. Surely, it is far better for people to say anything rather than nothing at all, and in any case I refute the motion that destructive criticism is a bad thing in itself.

It is hoped that this edition of "Second Wessex" will help in some way to promote discussion and thought. Everything in the magazine is, I hope, worthy of criticism and I welcome criticism of any form. The response to the plea for contributions has been better than in recent years. The contents of any publication are of course, limited by the contributions received, but this time, at least the editors had a choice of articles, unlike some of their predecessors.

"Second Wessex" never appears to have had a definite policy, function or pattern of publication. It has varied from being purely literary to being a mixture of articles on various topics. There is a tremendous scope for the development of the magazine, but the two great limiting factors are, at present, the scarcity of contributions and the financial assistance which the Union awards "Second Wessex." It is only by an improvement in the quantity and quality of the contributions we are likely to persuade the Union to grant the magazine all it really needs. But apart from these two factors the lack of support given by the members of the University to the magazine is very significant and, of course, deplorable. However, Students' Council has shown much more interest in "Second Wessex" this session, so it is to be hoped that the other members of the Union will increase their support, by criticism, contribution and purchase.

THE EDITOR.

THE CREED OF AN UNBELIEVER

THERE are many people who have been brought up without a ready-made picture of the world or attitude to life, or, more commonly, those to whom the framework of Christianity with which they have been presented as children has been seen to be incompatible with the social system which they are supposed to accept at the same time. True, this dichotomy is not universally apparent and it is not uncommon to see someone attempting the balancing trick by clinging to the tenets of both these rival systems, but as in the past each religious or political system has tried to give a coherent picture of the world to its followers, so each individual must try and formulate, for himself in this age, his own basic standpoint.

It is safe to say that everyone feels, whether consciously or not, the need for some purpose in life, some direction in which to point. Let us therefore start from what we can see as being the most common aim, to wit, the propagation of the species, which forms a part of all our experience. To marry, to bring up children and provide for them, together with the organisation of the business of existence so as to carry out these functions with the maximum efficiency; that is the object on which most human emotions are centred. But however good his intentions may be, and however inoffensively he may live, no one is secure against the sudden onslaught of chance happenings, as any insurance company is quick to point out. Like any other animal, man is always liable to be cast out of his cosy domestic nest into the cold struggling world; that is his biological lot.

Faced with this possibility, is it enough merely to plod on, hoping for the best and dreading the worst? Is it possible to set anything against the possible wreck of everything that makes up the structure of everyday life? It is said that the true optimist goes all the way with the pessimist, and then beyond, and it is only by looking through to the real impermanence of much of our so-called happiness that we can learn what things are worth taking seriously, what things we can rely on, and what things are of no importance.

Self-satisfaction, at once the greatest and most frequent of mental crimes, may be based, consciously or unconsciously, on health, good looks, money or social position. Reliance on these is obviously unsound, as may be even Hilaire Belloc's sympathetic "laughter and the love of friends," so long as the reliance is on things external. Yet, however unsound, these props are continuously in use, to buoy up empty personalities which have in fact none of the real, invisible means of support. It is true that the exposure of hypocrisy and the careful description of disintegrating character has provided endless material for the novelist, playwright and psychiatrist, but it would really be better if such occurrences were less frequent in real life than they in fact are. All these unfortunate happenings stem from the reliance on the apparent fruits of the "personality"—that mixture of physical attributes, native cunning and social mask that is paraded by Western

man in place of a soul. There is a continuous process kept up of self-deception and "unthink," to convince oneself that the successes, though not the failures, in life are due not to chance but to the magic power of this personality.

The first thing we need to do is to realise our limitations, and the essential ridiculousness of this self-satisfaction. The human animal is so little removed from the ape, and still so closely tied to the demands of his own physiology that any attempt at dignity or striving for self-importance is bound to be brought down with a bump, sooner or later. We must realise that most of our actions are quite without significance; we must realise that attachment to position, to material things, even to the love of wife and children, can never bring permanent happiness, at least not the type of happiness that we like to imagine. Love's young dream will at best fade to a warm glow for the worst we have only to look at the divorce courts.

The acceptance of these realisations, not merely intellectually, but so that they really have an effect on our actions, is not an easy step. In the words of T. S. Eliot :

"In order to arrive there,
to arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,
you must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy."

Once this step has been taken, though in truth it is not a step so much as a mountain which we might spend a lifetime trying to overcome, the position improves. The first sign is the feeling of reassurance, of having one's feet on solid ground—

"Thou art but what thou shalt be—Nothing—
Thou shalt not be less."

From this comes the simple attitude to life, not expecting too much but finding each moment complete in itself. That is embodied in Voltaire's *We must dig our garden*, and expressed in much the same way in the book of Ecclesiastes. Although the way to this viewpoint, both in argument and in practical attainment, is a way of austerity, the way on can be one of joy. Being without desires we are not in opposition to the rest of life, either human or non-human. Pleasure is acceptable to us, but without the power over us to cause pain by its absence. This is one way to the all-embracing attitude of Steinbeck, or of Omar Khayyam. The other way is perhaps nobler, and certainly harder, to follow, but the examples are before us: Christ and love, Mencius and "human-heartedness," Schweitzer and "reverence for life," all these have shown the way of fulfilment and it is up to those who can to follow it.

BRUCE TULLOH.

BRECHT

TWO of Germany's most outstanding dramatists of the present age, Carl Zuckmayer and Bertolt Brecht, came into prominence in the years prior to the Hitler régime. As opponents of the new Nazi doctrines they both went into exile in that decisive year 1933. After a long period in Russia, Brecht went to America in 1941, where Zuckmayer had already been living for several years. After the war both returned to Germany to take up again leading positions in the German theatre—Zuckmayer as a representative of the West and Brecht of the East, both enjoying success on either side of the iron curtain. There the parallel ends.

Whereas Zuckmayer with his vital realistic plays and historical dramas (*Des Teufels General*, *Der Hauptmann Von Köpenick*, *Das Kalte Licht*) remained within the bounds of the naturalistic and romantic tradition of German drama, Brecht was from the start an out and out revolutionary.

His early play *Baal*, published in 1922 at the age of 24, reveals defects of immaturity and a strong influence of the Storm and Stress movement of 18th century Germany. The hero is at one and the same time a drunkard, tramp and poet, the whole affair a glorification of a crude *joie de vivre*. Already Brecht displays a strong likeness for the lower strata of society, though as yet there is no revolutionary attitude expressed. In contrast to the realism of Gerhart Hauptmann and Ibsen, Brecht aims at combining the irrational with the rational, to show all of life's incongruities. *Trommeln in Der Nacht* (1922) shows the rise of communism in Berlin in the Winter of 1919. This "Spartakus" portrays that section of the proletariat which felt itself cheated of the fruits of the uprising. Brecht now hurls his challenge at the existing social order. He draws on Marlowe for *Leben Eduarddes Zweiten* (1924). *Im Dickicht Der Städte* and *Mann Ist Mann* (1927) take place in India and Chicago. The comedy *Mann Ist Mann* introduces for the first time the use of songs by Brecht as culminating points in the action of the play. (Brecht always preferred the English term "songs" to the German "Lieder".) These become an integral part of his style which reaches its highest form in *Die Dreigroschenoper* (1928), adapted six years later into the form of a novel—*Der Dreigroschenroman*. The following year saw *Mutter Courage*, a play with music, based on Gorky's novel *Mother*. He was then active in writing one-act plays, radio scripts and poems attacking Hitlerism. Much of this is contained in *Furcht Und Elend Des Dritten Reiches*, published in New York in 1945. Several of these are also in *The Private Life of the Master Race* (1944). This whole work he calls a documentary play; and it shows in a partly expressionist and partly naturalist style with great objectivity the trials and tribulations of the German people under Hitler's power. *Leben Des Galilei* was written in Denmark during the Winter of 1938 just after the news was released that Otto Hahn had split the Uranium atom. The action centres on the responsibility of the intellectual towards his contemporaries. Truth must be shown to be greater than superstition. The way in which Galilei's thought becomes an agitation

of social thought is an example of Brecht's belief that human behaviour is based ultimately on economic conditions.

As a playwright and a man there were two Brechts—the poet and the dogmatist. His whole work, especially that of the later phase, is permeated by theoretical dogma imposed from the outside and often at variance with itself, lowering to some extent its intrinsic artistic value.

Based on John Gay's *The Beggars' Opera* of 1728, Brecht in his *Dreigroschenoper* of 1928 has transformed Gay's London into the London of today, showing how little man really changes in his basic struggles and beliefs. The same basic structure of society is seen in both, and even the gangsters show the same characteristics and philosophy. In Gay's work the beggars merely play the rôle of a picturesque and comic adjunct—but Brecht has transformed them into symbols with a highly topical significance. Tiger Brown, head of the police and a personality who keeps his private and his public lives separate to the extent of helping the arch criminal Mackie Messer as an old friend, is Brecht's invention, though some of his characteristics are taken from Gay's Peachum. The figure of Macheath as the swindling rake in *The Beggars' Opera* seems far more real to life in Brecht's opera, mainly because his immense self-confidence is emphasized to a point where the audience is sympathetic towards him. Brecht in a note to the play explains that we are interested in and sympathetic towards a rogue-gentleman precisely because the respectable middle-class will never believe that anyone of its own class could be such a character. A kind of theatricalizing of reality goes on in the spectator's mind, a shutting out of reality in actual life which makes him all the more interested in actuality on the stage.

In Gay's opera the songs are traditional English folk-songs such as *Over the Hills and Far Away* or *How Happy Could I Be With Either, Were T'other Dear Charmer Away*. These are often in a Handelian style, which has led critics to argue that *The Beggars' Opera* is a harmless parody of Handelian opera. Kurt Weill's use of modern folk-song in the jazz idiom is perhaps the strongest contrast between the two works. Gay uses his songs as interludes in the action to express the mood of a character. Brecht uses his to underline certain culminating points in the plot, and to refer the particular situation to a general political viewpoint. Brecht's songs are very often in the form of a dialogue which synthesizes into ensembles, detached from the characters' own moods, yet presented to the audience as a powerful illustration of the idea behind the action. Both Gay and Brecht use racy dialogue, and Brecht is fond of the slang of the street. The songs in fact become with him the main vehicle of the revolutionary momentum, Mackie Messer's theme tune being a forerunner of Harry Lime's in *The Third Man*. Most of Brecht's ballads are written in the style of François Villon and Franz Wedekind, but some are patterned on the old Moritat form as naive and popular examples of the *memento mori* tradition, loose in rhyme and macabre in content.

This use of songs is but part of Brecht's so-called epic theatre. This new technique is in contrast to the dynamic or dramatic form traditional

since the days of Shakespeare. Brecht turns boldly against traditional drama and replaces it with a series of loosely joined scenes, each a mirror play of the situation. In order to stress each scene's uniqueness and independence, it is introduced by a title suited to the nature of the plot, and presented as a chronicle, ballad or newspaper. Disillusionment of the stage is achieved by the use of half drop curtains or screens, which leave the theatrical mechanism exposed to the audience. The sun and moon are lowered on strings, and their metallic quality is made quite obvious. Brecht goes even further when at certain points in the play he stresses the implications of the plot with songs, posters, placards or projections, and often direct apostrophes of the audience by the characters. Brecht insists that the actor must in no way send his audience into a trance; he must not identify himself with the character he plays, but he must stand outside it, as if he was demonstrating the truth. This then automatically has the effect that the audience, instead of being overwhelmed, spellbound, or emotionally roused, tends to follow the action coolheadedly from the outside. The audience must make its own judgments and arrive at its conclusions independently. According to Brecht there is at present no such thing as impartial theatre, for the theatre has always tended to serve those in power. By a disillusionment of the stage, the audience is given the greatest and fairest chance both to judge the play and the ideas that lie behind it.

In *Die Dreigroschenoper* Brecht shows us as through the eyes of Karl Marx that economic conditions are the prime factors of social life, whereas religion and morality are merely ideologies which are the fodder of the well to do:—

“Erst kommt das Fressen, dann kommt die Moral.
Erst muß es möglich sein, auch armen Leuten
Vom groben Brotleib sich ihr Teil zu schneiden.”

Brecht sees in the rise of bourgeois society the growth of the ideas of humanism, idealism, and the belief in the equality and the fraternity of man. He has decided to show that these ideas are pure hypocrisy; for in his plays it is always the poor, the humble, the oppressed—in *Die Dreigroschenoper* represented by Peachum the beggar King—who with their common sense (or from the bourgeois point of view their cynicism) reveal the hypocrisies of the ruling class. They are not merely idealists opposing wicked capitalists, for in their cunning and cynicism they surpass those who stand in the limelight. Brecht's world is one of bitter cynicism and hateful mercilessness whose fundamental idea is that man does not help his fellow men. Only by changing this man-made system will the good in human nature be brought out. Brecht is sensible enough as an artist not to declare how this shall be done; but his letter to the West German Bundestag asking for the immediate reversal of the decision to form a third Wehrmacht may be interpreted as a pawn in the cold war. If we believe in his dramatic theories we are not *ipso facto* embracing communism. The disillusionment of Brecht's world is so great that Mackie Messer does not violently complain when he is betrayed. It is their sense of fatalism that lies at the base of the beggars' philosophy

and which makes a mockery of all attempts to uphold a moral attitude. The present situation is all that is important, freedom being inessential, as the individual's life is of no importance except to himself. In his *Verfremdungseffekt* Brecht points to no moral—he leaves that to the audience.

“Der nur im Wohlstand lebt, lebt angenehm.”

BRIAN KEITH-SMITH
IAN THOMAS

THOUGHTS

AT night I am alone with the full moon
And a wild sky,
And the silence collects in the dark corners
Of this dream world,
That frightens me when the shrieking, clamouring
Day is dead.
And when the fleeting clouds have passed
I notice that my life has cast a shadow,
And music for my soul's opening
Accompanies a beginning.

BRIAN THOMAS.

THE DAY OFF—AN EPISODE

The barrack room was hot. It smelt of polish and sweat and musty uniforms. The close heat stifled movement, and the silent twirling fans, shifting the stale air, merely emphasised the futility of movement. Men sprawled on their beds, limp and defeated; their minds lay under a double thickness of unaccustomed heat and army discipline, too subdued to be aroused by anything but the simplest sensual emotions. The weather was the first enemy; the system was the second, and the greater. Instead of allowing each man to find his own equilibrium, it forced them to fight the conditions, to reproduce a little Aldershot or Woolwich Depot. This might appear to work—on Saturday morning this barrack room had gleamed for inspection like an automated machine shop, but now on Sunday the collapse, the inner defeat was all the more evident. Cigarette stubs and old tea stained the polished floor, boots and magazines lay about, and the stiff green uniforms dark with sweat lay where they had been taken off.

Robin finally got up at ten and dragged himself along to the washroom. The water was still cut off, so he baled some into the basin from the forty-gallon drum. He washed, dressed and then set out up the hill to the guard room. As he walked—slowly so as not to start sweating—he looked at the camp; it was the standard English design, stamped into the Asian soil. The tarmac road was already hot; the trucks in the vehicle park were arranged as regularly as the rows of married quarters behind them.

Was all this real? he thought. The gravelled square and the whitewashed football posts were very plainly existent, but although many people's day-to-day lives revolved about them, they could not impinge on the inner lives of those people. They seemed like isolated bits of scenery against which an occasional show might be staged—a pageant perhaps, or a farce.

At the guardroom he stopped to book himself out. "988 Mackenzie, Gnr. 1025 hrs." A nonsense this, he thought, for 988 Mackenzie could never leave the camp; outside the military mind he did not exist.

Ray Bebb was on the gate, or at least his outward form was, in starched shorts, black belt and gaiters. They nodded. Talk served no purpose, for the image could not follow and words could not release the person inside.

Robin went swiftly down the little mud path along the side of the wire, dodging the stones without having to think. He came round the clump of thorn bushes and there fifty feet below him, lay the boat. It was white and definite on the strip of sand between the rocks. It was always like this—a place dreamed about; in its reality almost overpowering. He slipped down the rocks, shipped the mast and oars and pushed out. At once everything else was forgotten as the sea filled his mind with sensation—the sweetish smell of the drift

and the pull of the water as he leant back on the oars. Soon he paused and drifted on with the current. In the North the brown hills swept straight down into the sea, without a sign of movement. Out in the open sea, on the Eastern horizon, lay three ocean junks, lightly sketched in at the lowest edge of the sky. Now he felt free from everything, a thought climbing up into the blue, his body soothed into forgetfulness by the caress of the waves.

But nothing in this world is permanent, least of all the dreaming mood, and the throb of a motor quickly brought him back. A launch came past the headland from the harbour channel, moving like a new car; Robin could see the passengers, sleek young Chinese, laughing as can the rich, who know how far away they are from the poor. They were very easy to look at, specially the girls, and the warmth of their happiness awakened an immediate response. He hoisted his sail and steered for the harbour channel, then pointed across to the other shore. Sampans and junks crowded together almost filled the little bay; behind them a jumble of shacks climbed the steep hillside, making up the village of Shau Lang. As he came nearer he could smell food cooking and the fish drying; he could hear the boat-builders, the clangour of the market, and the children shouting. Now he could see the hut where she lived, Han Pak Lin, his girl. Very soon he would be there, seeing her smile and holding her close, that firm body under the waterproof tunic. In her thoughts he lived and in her family's; all this beating, overflowing life was real, and he was part of it.

He pulled in between the sampans, seeing faces he knew, and ran up the shore. There we can leave him, a slim figure climbing the hill, to some just a foreigner, to others an irresponsible soldier, but to a few a real person, sufficient in himself because he was a part of their lives.

BRUCE TULLOH.

THE FUTURE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The future of the public schools is, once again, under much discussion. So great is the present controversy, that the debate on the subject at this year's Labour Party Conference was one of the most noteworthy, and certainly the most interesting of the whole Conference. It is the purpose of this article to examine the facts and differing opinions on the public schools, and then to discuss what their future, if any, should be.

The first problem is to arrive at a definition of "public school." To most people, the public schools are Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby and a few others; whereas there are, in fact, 1,370 independent schools recognised as up to standard, prior to the 1957 Education Act (which made inspection of all independent schools compulsory) and to this number must be added the many schools which had previously escaped any form of State control. However, it is usual to restrict the definition to those 133 completely independent, and the 45 direct grant schools represented on the Headmaster's Conference. These latter schools educate about 5% of the nation's children; that is about 370,000 children.

There is little disagreement that the public schools offer the best education available in Great Britain at the present time. Of those children still at school at the age of 17, 25% are to be found in the public schools, and the number of ex-public school pupils holding the most responsible positions in the Civil-Service, Commerce and industry is fantastically disproportionate to the small percentage of children educated at them. Although some "old school tie" freemasonry does inevitably exist, it is by no means as widespread as some people believe. Evidence to either prove or disprove this is naturally hard to obtain, but studies of the Civil Service and the larger public companies suggest that there is little bias in favour of the public school man without consideration of his ability. Thus it must be inferred that a public school education equips a child for a responsible position in later life better than does the State education system.

Why, then, are the public schools so constantly criticised and villified? Mr. C. A. R. Crosland, in "The Future of Socialism" says "the public schools confer a crucial advantage, namely better prospects of a high paid or high status job. This advantage is attributed . . . to the still important, though intangible factor, of the right accent, bearing and manners; and partly to the fact that persons now in authority have commonly themselves been to public schools, and have a natural bias." This latter point was discussed in the previous paragraph, and in so far as anything can be proved, it seems that a person with ability is not prevented from reaching the highest positions by lack of a public school education. Other criticisms levied are that it is morally wrong that money should be able to buy the best education, and that the public schools tend to "stimulate class consciousness and to foster social snobbery."* This latter point is more or less true,

* *Towards Equality, Labour Party, 1956.*

but this and the other criticisms can only be dealt with in the context of deciding what the future of the public schools should be. Basically there are only three courses open to any Government in dealing with the problem of the public school *viz.* (1) to abolish them, (2) to broaden the entry to them, and (3) to leave them alone. It should perhaps be stated here that there is little or no likelihood of a sudden collapse of these schools due to financial causes.

The cries for abolition come from socialists who base their case on the criticisms mentioned. Surprisingly, the Labour Party, though heartily disliking the public schools, do not think that they should be abolished. In this they are surely right, for to scrap the schools from which so many of our most highly trained and educated citizens come, would be criminal folly, in view of the desperate shortage of such people in this country. Abolishing the public schools would also trample on the right of parents to choose their own childrens' education. This is an important right which should be safeguarded, even though it may mean that those children with parents who have the means to educate them privately, start off with an initial advantage in life. The remedy for this lies with the State, who should provide educational facilities equal to those available in public schools. Some State grammar schools do, in fact, equal, and even surpass, the public schools in the quality of their education, but the number is lamentably small. The proscription of the public schools is objectionable on other grounds. Mr. Angus Maude has written: "Unless we encourage the independent schools, we shall lose that very important thing, a yard-stick of competition for the local authority system; we shall lose something more important than that—a citadel of freedom for the teaching profession, to which it can in the last resort apply, if the local authority system becomes too rigid and too cramping for the academic freedom which teachers need." The retention of the public school system is, for these reasons, not only defensible, but a vital necessity. The public schools do, however, arouse a good deal of envy and resentment, and though these emotions are largely unreasonable, a modification of the present system is desirable in order to remove these potentially destructive forces.

Some Tories have advocated the broadening of entry as a way of removing this almost pathological dislike which many working-class people have for the public schools. It is suggested that 50% of the school places should be available to pupils from State primary schools. Thus, the public schools would become, in effect, direct-grant schools. Their independence would be virtually unimpaired, as State control over these direct-grant schools is limited: all that is required is that the local authority or other approved people should have some seats on the board of Governors. It is important to realise that these proposals, if implemented, would in no way solve the educational difficulties of this country; there would be only 5,000 free places for boys aged 13, a very small minority of the school population. The aim of these

proposals is to divert the potentially destructive emotions of envy and resentment against the public schools, and reduce the social exclusiveness of them. The latter would, in fact, take time, as experience with the present direct-grant schools shows that most of the free places at these schools are filled with children of the poorer middle-classes. This time-lag before the schools became completely "democratic" would not necessarily be a bad thing, as it would tend to make assimilation easier; there would be few barriers set up between the children themselves because of differing social mannerisms. To deal with the problem of the duller middle-class children displaced by these changes, permission would be granted to build new private schools, if the parents were unwilling to send their children to the State schools.

These proposals are, unfortunately, unacceptable to the Labour Party, wedded as it now is to the comprehensive school system. The supposed advantage of the latter system of education is that it eliminates the necessity of segregating into separate schools those children with the greatest ability, this being considered undesirable. Speaking of the broadening of entry into the public schools, the Labour Party, in its new education policy statement* says, "If . . . a minority of places (at public schools) are reserved for pupils of exceptional ability, two results follow. The State finds itself assisting schools which are still, in the main, class institutions; and the maintained secondary schools are left lopsided by the loss of their cleverest pupils. Once again we should be introducing segregation in an aggravated form." Speaking of proposals to take 50% or more of the school places free, the same document concludes that such a scheme would cost too much for the advantages that would accrue. In fact, the cost would be in the region of £3,000,000 to £5,000,000 a year, which is substantially less than 1% of the present annual expenditure on education. Also, the Labour Party does not seem to realise that selection of pupils for these free places would not be on an intelligence basis alone. It would be decided whether it was thought that the child could obtain advantage from a public school boarding type of education. It is not the intention of these proposals to rob the maintained schools of their cleverest pupils.

By its refusal to consider such proposals, the Labour Party has landed itself with the worst of all worlds. They cannot support any broadening of recruitment to the public schools, as this contravenes the principle of the comprehensive school, and yet they refuse to abolish them, and thus deny the right of parents to choose their childrens education. They propose, therefore, to leave the position of the public schools in its present state, and consequently, raise even more their social prestige. It is just this social exclusiveness of the public schools, which, as has been said, is to be deplored, and consequently, removed. It would have been thought that a socialist party would have welcomed any proposal which would have a chance of achieving this end.

P. C. ALLAM.

* *Learning to Live, Labour Party, 1958.*

TO CELIA

THE breezes blow gently now
And the grass whispers.
Ruffled is the surface of the lake
And distant trees merge into the sky;
Yet still the day clings to the falling sun
As though it can restrain its natural way.
Our love is like a summer's day,
The noon has long since passed,
It is evening, and time to say goodbye.
Sleep well, and be refreshed,
The coming day may be longer than the last.

IAN GALLON.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

THIS September Ralph Vaughan Williams died at the age of 86. These bald facts do not convey the sense of loss felt by most people who loved music. When one hears of famous people having died one tends to feel indifferent, amused and callous at the incessant list of many news bulletins. But Vaughan Williams' death seemed to surprise people, because he appeared to be indestructible and every year seemed to increase in stature in the mind's eye. When he began to write, English music was in the grip of Post-Wagnerianism and an English style of music was non-existent. When he died English contemporary music was the equal in quantity and quality to any country. This article could merely be the usual eulogy and potted history of his life and works. However, I will attempt to give my personal approach to the music of Vaughan Williams, mentioning only the minimum of technical aspects of music.

Vaughan Williams first attracted my attention on the occasion of my seeing the film *Scott of the Antarctic*. The music left an indelible impression on my mind, even though I was very young. The perils of the journey appeared more real; the heroism seemed more impressive, and the vast emptiness of the snow-plains made one realise the insignificance of man in that barren land. This was emphasised in the film score by the voice of the soprano singing wordlessly above the orchestra. However, at the time I was unaware of the identity of the composer. Later I was advised to listen to the music of Vaughan Williams as a vital part of my musical education. With this in mind I sat and listened attentively. The first works I listened to were *The Wasps*, *The Thomas Tallis Fantasia* and *The Norfolk Rhapsody*. I was utterly bored. It was "Ye English Musick" with all the pretensions of Morris dancing and mock-Tudoriness of a British Council pavilion in New Guinea. Even today, when there is much of Vaughan Williams' music, which I admire and which did not impress me at first, the type of folksy music, by which most people know him, is unpalatable to me.

The accomplishments of Vaughan Williams exceeded those of his contemporaries, Elgar and Holst, and certainly those of his English successors. Nobody would claim for him, and certainly not himself, that he was the greatest orchestrator in modern music. In fact, some of his music seems a little crude. (But one must say in passing that two of the greatest orchestrators in music, Mendelssohn and Berlioz, were unable to produce the profundity of thought of Vaughan Williams.) As with any composer, his stature will be measured by his symphonies. Although Vaughan Williams' early symphonies contain some part of his genius, as a whole they do not satisfy me. A symphony should be, however constructed, a complete entity and should strike the listener in that way. If a specific part of a symphony is preferred, I think the listener or the composer has failed; because, unlike any other musical form, a symphony should be an integrated whole, and when one admires some passages more than others the architecture of the symphony collapses. I am aware

that these ideas may deviate from the standards of judgement of the everyday concert-goer, but it is the attitude that has made me appreciate the extra-musical qualities of music. A symphony should not be a collection of notes gathered together under the name of movements and arbitrarily called a symphony.

Vaughan Williams' great works date from 1930, when he composed the ballet suite *Job*. In this work he fuses his earlier folksy style with a newer urgency, and although these characteristics appear to clash he synthesises them. The music in *Job* is frightening and yet sublime. (It should be emphasised that it is impossible to convey adequately in words a musical experience.) *Job* leads naturally to the Fourth Symphony written in 1934. When the composer was asked what he thought of it, Vaughan Williams replied, "I don't know whether I like it, but this is what I meant." Again the music has extra-musical associations; and the power in it is startling. The turbulent era in which this symphony was written is reflected in the score. The music drives along at a tremendous pace, and although the music is an integrated conception, the separate movements are effectively contrasted. Certain musical ideas occur in the score, which are worthy of note. In the second movement the syncopated and descending fourths haunt the memory, and the "oompah" bass in the last movement conveys the appropriate cynicism. This symphony may be regarded as a prophecy of the impending turmoil.

His next most important work, I maintain, is the Sixth Symphony (1948). I also consider this to be his greatest musical accomplishment. This work has a transcendental quality, which all great music possesses. This symphony is a postscript to the Fourth Symphony, having been written after the most savage and destructive war in the history of mankind. The first three movements illustrate the mock heroics and hypocrisy of war. In the scherzo Vaughan Williams writes a melody for a saxophone, which to my untutored ears sounds like a grotesque version of *Way Down Upon the Swanee River*. The last movement is one of the most discussed in modern music; it seems shapeless and ethereal. The music consists of a fugue-like theme, which is never resolved. Even at the end the strings are not resolved and musically and emotionally we are left with a question mark. Today the *Epilogue* has even more significance in the light of the present international situation.

After the Sixth Symphony, Vaughan Williams' next full scale work was the *Sinfonia Antartica*. This was expanded from the film score of *Scott of the Antarctic* (1949). What was remarkable about the score of the film was that Vaughan Williams wrote the music without seeing the film beforehand. When it was completed only matters of timing had to be adjusted. Thus he was inspired by Scott's epic and not scenes from the frozen wastes. He continued to expand the score and it was finally completed in 1953. The music has been described as Vaughan Williams' *Eroica*, but the difference between this and Beethoven's *Eroica* lies in the last movement. In the original *Eroica*, the finale concludes on a triumphant note, but Vaughan Williams' finale finishes by questioning Man's ability to challenge the elements. The orchestral forces employed

are very large and comprised triple woodwind, celeste, piano, organ, xylophone, glockenspiel, vibraphone, female chorus and soprano, extra timpani and a wind machine, in addition to the conventional orchestra. This work is truly atmospheric, and one is quickly transported into the wastes of Antarctica. When one considers that this was composed by a man of 81, one is struck by the great powers of invention and complete mastery of subject matter.

His last two main works, the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, were not in the same class as the earlier works. They rely too much on an easy mastery of the orchestra, and repeat early ideas and attitudes. But it can be said for Vaughan Williams that he never stagnated. Always ready for new ideas, his mind stayed youthful during his life: for what composer would write in his eighties tuba and harmonica concertos? To conclude in the composer's own words: "The composer must not shut himself up and think about art, he must live with his fellows and make his art an expression of the whole life of the community—if we seek for art, we shall not find it." In these words Vaughan Williams sums up that which I consider an artist should attempt to do, and one realizes that commitment in art is not a modern trend but an attitude that any artist in any age may well, and indeed should, take.

RONALD KAYE.

The next edition of *Second Wessex* will be on sale during the first week of the Summer Term. Contributions are required by March 2nd. It is hoped to include a section in which criticisms of articles in this issue will be discussed. It is necessary that these criticisms also be submitted by March 2nd.

OLD SHEP

"Clunk," as the couplings tightened and the train began to roll out of Altoona station. "Two and a half hours to Pittsburgh," the conductor called as I settled down in a soft green seat on the Pennsylvania Railroad. For two and a half hours we rolled through the wooded hills of West Pennsylvania. We descended in the steel city around eight o'clock in the evening.

I had not wanted to go to Pittsburgh, except that it lay on my route further to the south west. But I had entrusted myself to the biggest railway system in the land and that was the way the railroad went.

Pennsylvania station is to be found towards the centre of downtown Pittsburgh. Not an exciting place by any means. The entrance hall was of sombre proportions. Several rows of long wooden seats, polished to a glassy smoothness by countless passengers, covered the greater part of the floor. In a side alcove coloured lights flashed on the pin tables, while the restaurant on the opposite side looked uninviting.

I went outside and stared out through heavy pouring drizzle. I resolved to leave the city by whatever means was at hand. I went back inside and approached a desk marked "information."

"No sir, you won't get a train out till 11.30 tonight. Why not take the C. & O. to Columbus. No, there ain't no buses to Charleston West Virginia. All those buses down there are on strike. Yeah, you might get a bus to Cincinnati if you change at Columbus. Just a moment while I check that. That's fine you can get a bus to Columbus at 11 p.m. right across the street sir." I strolled off, just under three hours to go.

I pulled up my collar and started off down Independence Avenue, turned off into Wood Street. Now here was a city I thought as I passed elegant "coffee shoppes" and window displays, and the street cars clattered up and down the narrow streets, made to seem even narrower amid thirty or forty storeys of towering steel and concrete.

And the people in the street? Some seemed no more than people of the street. Could I say a part of it, if just waiting there for minutes, perhaps hours, even three hours, could mean anything at all? And the women? How could the drizzle ignore them? How could anyone ignore them as they passed by, trying to avoid the pools and puddles, and the little streams of water eddying along the tram lines. Here was one who was young, well dressed, and there were others—smart tarts on their hard high heels.

But some were older and had given up the struggle against fate. I passed an old negress, the water coursing down her dark shiny cheeks, sheltering next to her husband, sharing the same sheet of newspaper pulled over their heads, soaked through some while ago.

At length I found myself walking towards the apex of the city, where the Monongahela and Allegheny join to form the Ohio river. I was now in a brightly lit thoroughfare, but something caused me to

follow a side street which though by no means narrow, had some of the gloom of a dark narrow alley. I passed tall red brick buildings, their facades encrusted with rusty iron fire escapes. Derelict cardboard packing cases and old cans lay in some profusion.

Suddenly I stopped. I was sure I heard music—what seemed like distant celestial music coming down from the midst of the drizzle. If I was dreaming, this dream got louder with each pace I took.

Then I had it—fool, idiot that I was—of course, the incessant roaring noise which now accompanied the strident bent of a theatre organ—roller skates. I looked up and there was the proscenium arch high above. I was standing in the Old Market of Pittsburgh, formed by the junction of several streets, the whole surmounted by a massive brick archway. The noise I could hear so distinctly came from a hall above the archway.

I listened for a moment, considering where to go next and then I was distracted by a small human figure directly in front of me. I approached it. It was the legless trunk of a man standing (if this be the word) on an old chair seat, tied with pieces of coarse string to a pair of roller skates.

I was horrified at this grotesque figure, clad in a worn chequered overcoat who propelled himself along the pavement, slowly and painfully, by a sort of swimming action thrusting on the ground with his bare knuckles.

I hurried past quickly, past the entrance of a bar, past a cat slyly perusing a few odd scraps of garbage in the gutter. I hurried on but something inside me compelled me to halt. I turned round and began to retrace my steps, slowly at first but then quickening in pace. I repassed the two figures in the doorway—past—but the cat wasn't there, gone home, didn't like my heavy footfalls, or grown bored of scraps of old, cold fish. I reached the bar.

There were now three figures at the entrance, two just inside, the third my luckless, legless friend (for who could but pity him) just outside. And he knew just how to raise his arms so that the others could raise him by the armpits and lift him over the threshold into the inside. Then they lifted in his little trolley, propping it inside the doorway.

I tumbled in, unsure and suspicious of the dimness beyond. I glanced around. Most of the light (precious little of it) came from behind the fiery liquor bottles which threw off glowing colours of green and orange. It was not easy to see people clearly. They all seemed dressed in similar manner—a democratic land. One could see that some were men and some were women. Democracy cannot obliterate sex (so I thought, but dared not speak). I chose my seat—a mushroom stool, beside the bar.

At first I was hardly noticed. A negro in a coloured shirt looked up, vacantly and went on drinking whiskey. The three I followed were getting drinks. The largest of them, a greasy swarthy man ordered three whiskey and sodas. These the barman, a smallish man, placed before them and turned to me. "Yeah what you going to have?" "I'll

just have a beer," I said. He produced a bottle from somewhere near the floor, placed it on the bar. "You from England? O.K. that'll be thirty cents please."

The first mouthful of ice-cold beer stung my curiosity. I turned round slowly and looked at the legless man, by now more or less comfortably propped on a red leather seat a few feet from the bar. He was not speaking. He looked as if he didn't want to be spoken to. I wasn't sure, but he looked as if he might cry. I turned back to the barman who was rather self-consciously wiping a towel round the inside of a beer glass. He sensed my thoughts, but I spoke first. "Tell him about old Shep," he replied to the swarthy man who sat next to Shep, a cigarette stuck between his podgy fingers.

"Yeah," said the swarthy man, "Shep doesn't have too much to say. Kind of fussy—he's an Irishman come from Boston." "Christ," I said, "not all the way from Boston to Pittsburgh on roller skates."

"Yeah, he came here years ago. Those were the days when you couldn't tell night from day in this city except by looking at the clock. So much dirt in the air. Course they cleaned the place up since. Yeah we got lots of new buildings. Goin' to pull down the old Stadium, build a hospital instead. Pull down everything build it up again, only better, see? I was gonna build me a motel in the country, with baths and showers in every room, real art reproductions in every room. I was gonna have a drive-in movie show; drive-in church, with sermons on phonograph records; drive-in swimming pool you drive in, you dive in—how d'you like that?—Arrive-in spittoons the lot." His eyes seemed to light up and I watched fascinated. "But somehow I didn't get it builded. I just didn't get round to it. I just came right round here."

"Al, get me another Scotch," he said to the Barman, who quickly poured another glass. "Al, how come you look so happy in that job of yours?"

"Yeah," replied Al, "In the days before motels were thought of, my brother and I were window cleaners uptown. We were so poor we only had one ladder between us and the only bucket we had had a hole in it. We tried blockin' it with chewin' gum but I guess that didn't work. I stood on top the ladder while my brother had to run to keep the bucket full. After a while we weren't making out too badly and we got a brand new bucket. With two of us on the ladder we were looking double fast, that is until my brother fell off."

"You mean you pushed him off," said a flabby looking man in a corner, who had been only half listening, but right now felt like saying something. "Shut up," said the swarthy man. "After that," the barman continued, "there didn't seem any future in window cleaning, so I got this job instead. When I ain't servin' Scotch I'm washin' glasses. I guess glasses is easier to wash than windows. I like takin' it easy."

"That's always what I feel like doin'," said the negro, who had until now been dozing over his half empty glass. "But man, I got a

wife and she don't let me. Do you know last week my wife she took me out to buy me a new pair of pants. Sure I got the pants—got 'em in a department store, just walking out with them on when my wife say to me "hold my handbag a moment." I just let go my pants and do you know they fell right round my knees. Man that sure was some embarrassment."

"Good job you fellows got dark skin," said the swarthy man. "If you blush nobody notices it." "I was not embarrassed," said the negro hotly "I was in command of all the senses that the Lord give me." "You ain't got no sense," said the swarthy man, who got up and announced his intention of leaving. At this the third man of the trio said, "maybe I ought to say a word or two for Old Shep because this will be the last you'll be seeing of him." As he spoke he looked at me and I felt oddly relieved.

"Maybe its good that he doesn't tell us about his troubles, that he leaves us to get on with our own. He has nothing to give and gets very little. I guess if he felt like saying anything he'd just be asking you to spare the odd dime. But he gets moods sometimes and he sits there not saying a word at all. So if you've got a heart can you give a dime for dear Ireland?"

I had sensed this would happen and when it did, I was not altogether surprised to find my right hand groping in my pocket and my left hand clutching at the bar for a little extra support.

I found a coin, felt its knurled edge—it was a quarter. The swarthy man took it from me, looked at it and without saying anything gave it to Shep, whose grimy hand was already outstretched ready to receive it.

We moved towards the door. I reached it last. I stood by as they pushed the old chair seat out into the street—a quarter dollar was not much but then this was the last I was to see of him—a pause as they adjusted the roller skates and then they swung Old Shep into position.

I watched as the farewell momentum of their last push carried him away. I listened as the noise of the rollers got fainter and somehow I felt a little foolish and a little guilty.

I watched as he disappeared into the distance and then I thought I saw him again for a moment, but it was only my imagination. I looked at my watch—it was already five minutes to eleven.

PETER ELLIOTT.

COMMITMENT IN JAZZ CRITICISM

THERE has always been a certain amount of controversy surrounding the establishment of objective criteria in all art forms. Controversy is usually at its peak in this respect when a new aspect of the art in question has been evolved. The derision with which many abstract painters have been greeted by supporters of the classical style is a noteworthy example of this trend, in that while such a difficult situation exists the establishment of acceptable standards for the whole of an art form is made extremely difficult. In any case under more severe circumstances than this the problems of universal standards of technical achievement, emotional content and intellectual attainment are exceedingly complex. The problems present themselves on a grand scale in Jazz. This is due, firstly, to the fact that Jazz is a comparatively new art form, and, secondly, because of the dearth of critics of reasonable intellectual standing. It is the purpose of this essay to attempt a preliminary analysis, although of course others have been made, of the problem of critical standards in Jazz.

There is a great difference between the spontaneity and freedom of Jazz and the predetermined interpretation of classical music. André Hodier's attitude to old Jazz may be related to this: hence his admiration for Louis Armstrong's *I can't give you anything but Love*, as opposed, say, to the excitement and emotional stimulus of *Potato Head Blues*. In fact, Hodier overlooks emotionalism as a principal quality of Jazz. It is, surely, not enough to analyse the construction of a solo, for instance Mezzrow's *Royal Garden Blues*, for this may well have as much emotional impact as Charlie Parker's *Night in Tunisia*. Not many Jazz critics would now claim the former to be superior to the latter, but it is not so very long since I myself thought so, and there must be many people who would still maintain this. I can only suggest that *Royal Garden Blues* suits the particular temperament of a certain type of listener. It need not be a lack of intellectual capacity which causes this preference. I cite *Royal Garden Blues* only because it happens to be a piece analysed by Hodier.

Recently I followed a hearing of George Lewis' *Dippermouth Blues*, by Parker's *Now's the Time*. I then played Vic Dickenson's *Keeping Out of Mischief Now*, followed by the Modern Jazz Quartet's *What's New*. These records are all personal favourites of mine, and I appreciate and enjoy each for different reasons. *Dippermouth Blues* has an abundance of vitality with emotionally compelling force, mainly brought about by the blending of the instruments. The musicians play within the confines of a great tradition which involves sociological as well as technical and stylistic considerations. Out of context Alton Parnell's solo seems unworthy of consideration, but bearing in mind the musical confines within which he plays it is much more than adequate. Parker's *Now's the Time* is, of course, essentially more complex, yet the basic elements of the Lewis record are present, the essential difference being the fundamental approach. Parker prefers to express himself in a manner technically superior to that of Lewis, but this does not mean that his work is of greater artistic merit. Dickenson's *Keeping Out of Mischief Now*,

represents the mid-point in musical development between the two previous records. It is in fact a compromise, yet unlike so many British critics I am not convinced that this so-called mainstream is the only path Jazz should follow: in fact I refute the idea that it is the duty of the critic to direct the course of an art. He may well do this in practice, but a conscious striving to that end is undesirable, and nor is such an attitude conducive to intelligent evaluations. To me *Keeping Out of Mischief Now* represents a logical musical evolution of *Dippermouth Blues*, but I do not wish to see the latter cast aside. Nor do I wish Parker's work to be dismissed because it bears no immediately obvious relationship, other than its rhythmic force, to either of them. *What's New* represents another step forward: the delicacy of approach is very obvious compared with *Dippermouth Blues*, yet the collective interpretation and interplay is in the traditions of the Lewis recording, even if it also bears a relationship to European orthodox music.

Jazz is but a pebble on the beach of music, but this applies also to Western orthodox music, where no objective criteria which is universally applicable, has yet been established. But because of the violent diversions of thought concerning Jazz we have constant pleas for a set of criteria which would obviously be to the disadvantage of certain schools of Jazz. All judgements in any art form are compromises between one's personal tastes and one's purely intellectual evaluations. This compromise should aim at achieving a definite aesthetic appreciation of a work of art, be it a painting, a book or a piece of music.

Jazz enthusiasts should never think that the dispute between classical and modern art is peculiar to their sphere of interest. The disdain with which the Impressionists' painting was first greeted, or the similar reaction to the Romantic literature of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries afforded examples of new ideas being rejected as alien to the traditions of the art form concerned. This in turn has led to solidarity among the modernists who in retaliation often pour scorn on previous writers, musicians or painters. Fortunately such modern Jazz artistes as Charlie Parker or John Lewis have had a high regard for all their principal forerunners. The antagonism between modern and traditional Jazz schools is, I think, a sign of good health. In recent years the fervour has considerably abated. But it is regrettable that such an eminent critic as Hugues Panassié cannot bring himself to recognise the fact that the bop movement was a part of Jazz. He thus dismisses most of the work of Parker, Davis and Gillespie as irrelevant to Jazz evaluation. The apparent change in the outlook of Rex Harris, since he wrote his purist *Jazz*, illustrates the fact that Jazz is continually progressing, so taking with it, reluctantly perhaps, many of the former purists. But without the New Orleans revival of the late 1930's Jazz would perhaps have become an art biased in favour of the new movement of young New York musicians of the early 1940's. Musicians of such eminence as Teddy Wilson and Vic Dickenson might well have sunk into absolute obscurity were it not for these two opposite poles of Jazz, which kept the music on a broad musical basis.

It is my contention, therefore, that Jazz critics should not try to divert Jazz into particular musical or, for that matter, cultural streams. An example of this is Leonard Feather's attempt to make Jazz "respectable" by abolishing nicknames. It is the duty of the critic to evaluate in aesthetic terms a work of art and judge, primarily, whether the artist has accomplished his aims and, secondly, whether the aims are worthy ones; but the latter must essentially be a secondary function of the Jazz critic.

ROLAND ROBERTSON.

ONE SIDE OF THE TRIANGLE

SMOKE drifting upwards,
Wreathing around the dim red light,
The noiseless shuffle
Of a hundred faceless people
Swaying sensuously to discordant music;
And beside me, the vacant chair.

The forgotten ash-tray,
Filled with anguish,
Guarded by a ring of sticky glasses,
Open-mouthed and empty,
Standing to attention
On the chequered table cloth,
And the vacant chair beside me.

All hope is gone,
And more and more sentries
Are guarding the castle of grey ash,
And their open mouths are laughing,
As they sway to the sensuous music,
As they march into the castle,
And disappear one by one.
Into the healing night.

IAN GALLON.

PASTORAL

AMONGST the tall green
And yellow tinted grass
Of early September,
The first fall month,
As the once summer sun
Now leans to the south,
When the night comes quickly
To a mature and time weary
Country side, clear and silent
In those first chilled days
Of early autumn,
A man is scything.
After the cool rain
And the dust dampened down
He stands alone,
Swings his stone sharpened blade
And the grass tumbles before him
Like so many adversaries.
With the smell of fresh cut grass
In his nostrils
His thoughts have wandered
Far away, and he is
In another country
On another hill,
In another time.

BRIAN THOMAS.

SCIENCE AND IMAGINATION

THE intention of this essay, in the difficult art of presenting science to the intelligent layman, is to give some idea of the rôle of imagination in the work of the scientist to that section of the population among which the often heard statement—"I know nothing about science,"—implies a desire to find out, rather than to take pride in ignorance of such an unaesthetic and materialistic subject. Popular science usually either confines itself to trivialities that are an insult to the intelligence of the reader, or else leads him into deep waters and leaves him with an overwhelming impression of the obscurity and unintelligibility of science. Thus the author has approached his task in the hope of filling an important gap. No scientific facts or theories will be found in the essay. An attempt is made to show the way in which the imaginative and aesthetic faculties have their place in a discipline widely considered to be entirely materialistic, and precluding all human and personal factors. If, in the process, a better understanding of the nature of science is imparted, so much the better.

The subject matter of science is that class of judgements on which universal agreement can be obtained, and excludes judgements that are personal and subjective. However, the way in which these judgements are obtained and used is a matter involving the personality and individuality of the scientist.

Experiments in science must be repeatable, and the conclusions drawn must be such that no person performing the same experiment could reasonably draw any different conclusions, within the limits of unavoidable error in the measurements and operations involved, and providing those of the experimenter's sense-perceptions that are used in the experiment are judged to be "normal." In fact, it is always the intention of the scientist, in devising an experiment, to reduce the observations required to judgements of number and relative position. Thus the results do not depend on those sense-perceptions, such as colour, that are subjective and variable among individuals. Most observations are similar in nature to that of reading the number indicated by a pointer moving over a scale. Telling the time from a clock is such an operation. It is inconceivable that anyone looking carefully at a clock at, say, 8.23, would conclude that the time indicated was anything other than 8.23. In the case of 8.23½ he might read it as 8.23 or 8.24, the experimental error in both cases being half a minute. This represents the maximum possible error since, in the case of 8.23½, for example, the reading given would be 8.24—an error of a quarter of a minute. In any actual experiment the errors are reduced to a minimum by repeating the observations and averaging the results by various means, by the use of skill in operating the apparatus, and by careful design of the apparatus in the first place.

Thus it is seen that the "human element" plays an extensive part in experimental science. In devising an experiment to measure some quantity, considerable imagination may be called into play. In all but the most elementary experiments the quantities to be measured cannot

be directly observed, and the choice of the means by which these quantities are converted into directly perceptible form is a process requiring imagination and creative ability. Experiments vary greatly in the satisfaction which they afford. In general the criterion of an elegant experimental method is great accuracy with economy of means. Experiments of high accuracy involving a mass of complex and laborious measurements do not give much intellectual satisfaction.

The theoretical scientist, who discovers and explores new horizons of thought, innovates, creates, sweeps away outworn ideas—he is the great artist of science. In order to explain his function in science it is necessary to consider briefly the nature of scientific laws and theories. A law is established by experiment and relates a particular set of concepts or quantities in a particular way. A law is “true” within the limits of experimental error. It can never be proved, but can always be disproved if a more accurate experiment is devised which reveals that the relationship expressed by the law does not hold within the new, reduced limits of experimental error. A theory is a general statement that “explains” one or more laws.

The value of a theory is judged by its generality, the accuracy with which it predicts laws, and by intuitive judgements of its consistency with the known patterns of the other theories concerning scientific laws. Theories substitute simplicity of thought for complexity, familiarity of ideas for unfamiliarity, order for chaos. It is difficult for the non-scientist to appreciate the intense appeal of a great and powerful scientific theory. To the scientist who has travelled the by-roads and the rough ways it is like a broad, smooth highway which, however, can have little appeal to those who have not made the journey.

Both science and art satisfy a desire for comprehension, and reality forms the subject matter of true science and true art alike. In carving a new theory out of the bed-rock of discovered laws, the scientist is no less creative than is the artist, who selects, orders, and expresses his experiences. There is a close similarity between the worlds of science and art. The great artists of science are the creators of great theories, of whom it might be said that our comprehension of the universe has been deepened by their minds. Such men are no commoner than great artists, and in science, as in art, they are the summit of human achievement in their field.

In conclusion it is necessary to state that the views here expressed are those of a physicist. Physics is the most fundamental of the sciences, and is that which has travelled farthest along the road of scientific progress. It might be said that, just as all art supposedly aspires to the condition of music, so all science aspires to the condition of physics. While devotees of the less quantitative and more descriptive sciences would no doubt place emphasis on different points, the author, although freely admitting that these are his personal views as a physicist, would hope not to differ fundamentally from his fellow-scientists of biological, chemical, or other inclination.

J.B.

The Editor gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following:

Student Mirror, Student News, Festival, Report of the International Student Conference Delegation, The Student, The Gong (University of Nottingham), *The Nonesuch* (University of Bristol), *Diary of the World Federation of Democratic Youth*.

Book received: *In Heaven's View*. Verse by Mary (Davidson) Bishop. Thomason's Ltd., Cedar Press. 15/-.

The book as a whole is well presented, but the foreword and the bibliographical note, when not factual, reveal a disturbing sentimentality. It is felt that Miss Bishop's capabilities have not been fully explored: her influences are eclectic, yet one sometimes feels a surge of originality, which indicates a talent which never attained complete fruition. Hers is a simple style of easy communication, the most significant aspect of her work being her eagerness to share her vision of the infinite.

R.R.



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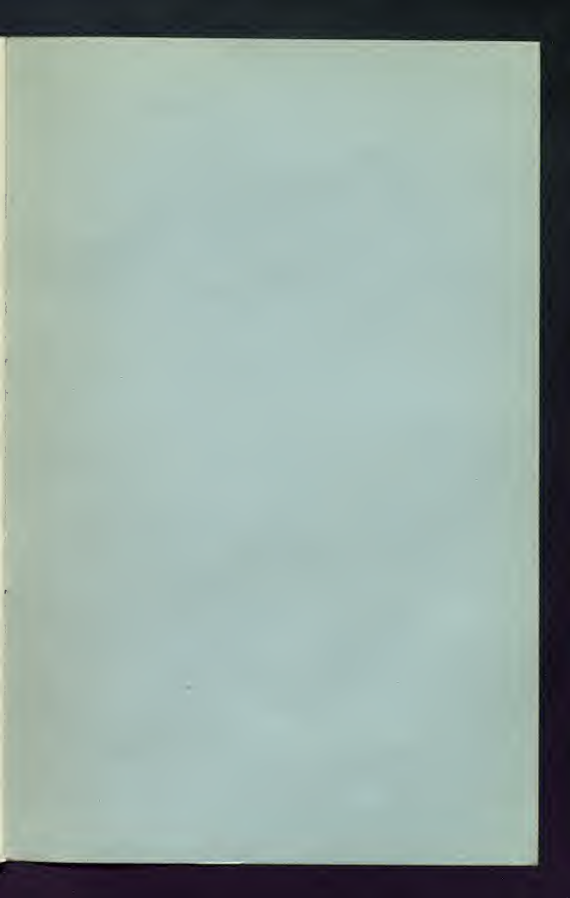
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